Old Towler,

THE SNUG Little Iſland.

The Iriſh Boy.

Devil And the Baker.

Entered according to Order.

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark ſprings from the corn;
Dogs, huntſmen round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry:
Ariſe the burden of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.

With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
with a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
tantivy;
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
tantivy;
Ariſe the burden of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and Joke prevail;
The hunſman blows a jovial ſound;
The dogs ſnuff up the gale:
d grounds they ſweep along,
ro' brakes they fly;

The game is up, too true the ſong,
This day a ſtag, muſt die,
With a hey ho, &c.

Poor ſtag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face.
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more!
His joy was in the chace.

Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgins game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn purſue.
With their hey ho, &c.

The SNUG LITTLE ſland.

DADDY Neptune one day to freedom did ſay
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The ſpot I ſhould hit on, would be little
Britain;
Says Freedom, Why that's my own Iſland,
Oh! what a ſnug little iſland,
A right little tight little iſland.
All the globe round, none can be found,
So happy as this little iſland.

Julias Cæſar the Roman who yielded to
no man

Came by water he couldn't come by
land;
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes
turn'd their backs on,
and all for the ſake of our iſland;
Oh! what a ſnug little iſland,
They'd all have a touch at the iſland;
Some were ſhot dead,—ſome of them fl'd,
And ſome ſtay'd to live in the iſland.

Then a very great war-man called Billy
the Norman,
Cried damn it, I never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this
Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful iſland:
Says he, 'tis a ſnug little iſland,
Shan't us go viſit the iſland.

Hop, ſkip, and jump,—there he was
plump,
And he kick'd up a duſt in the iſland.
Yet party deceit helped the Norman to
beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had
en lick'd,
Had the ſtuck to the king of the iſland,
Poor Harold the king of the iſland;
He loſt both his life and his iſland.
That's very true.—what could he do!
Like a Briton he died for his iſland.

Then the Spaniſh Armada ſet out to
invade a',
Quite ſure, if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'dnt do no leſs than tuck up queen
Beſs,
And take their full ſwing in the iſland;
Oh! the poor queen of the iſland,
The drones came to plunder the
iſland.

But ſnug in her hive—the queen was
alive,
And buz was was the word at the iſland.
Theſe proud puff'd up cakes, thought to make
ducks and drack s
Of our wealth, but they ſcarcely could
ſpy land,
E'er our Duke had the luck, to make their
pride duck,
And ſtoop to the lads of the iſland;
Huzza, for the lads of the iſland;
The good wooden walls of the iſland:
Devil or don—let 'em come on.
But how would they come off at the
iſland.

I dont wonder much that the French and
the dutch,
Have ſince been oft temp ed to try land;
And I wonder much leſs they have met
no ſucceſs,

For why ſhould we give up our iſland,
All of 'em long for the ſland;
Hold a bit there, (let 'em) take fire
and air;
But we'll have the ſea and the iſland.

Then ſince Freedom and Neptune have
hitherto kept tune,
In each ſaying, this ſhall be my land:
Should the army of England, or all they could
bring land,
We'd ſhow 'em ſome play for the iſland;
We'd fight for our right to the iſland;
Frenchmen ſhould juſt,—bite at our
duſt,
But not a bit more of the iſland.

THE IRISH BOY.

YOU laſſes of England, and Ireland alſo,
Come liſten a while, and ſoon you ſhall know,
How I have been wounded: by love I am ſlain.
In the ſtrong walls of Bedlam I'm forc'd to remain.

When firſt I was courted by my loving Iriſh Boy,
He call'd me his jewel, his delight, and his joy,
In fair Dublin City, that place of great fame,
When my bonny Iriſh Boy firſt a-courting to me came:

He talked of love, and he promiſed to wed,
But in a ſhort time after he ſtole my maidenhead:
So maidens don't blame me, I could not forbear

As down in the valleys I chanced to walk,
O there I heard my bonny Irish Boy for to talk;
Where pretty birds were singing, and larks soaring high,
And my Irish Boy singing with his voice melodiously.

His teeth are white as ivory, his hair a lovely brown,
And o'er his portly shouters so carelessly hang down:
So maidens, believe me, my heart is like to break,
But never trust a false-hearted man for my sake.

He packed up his all, and to England did fly,
I packed up my jewels, and pursued him straightway;
And when I arrived in fair London town,
They told me he was married to a Lady of renown.

O now in Bedlam I am confin'd,
For loving of my Irish Boy, which makes me complain
In the north side of Bedlam I am confin'd,
For loving of an Irish Boy, who is my darling swain.

THE DEVIL AND BAKER.

'Other evening a baker sat hatching of evil,
He turn'd his head round, & there stood Mr. Devil
O ho, quoth the baker, being in a sad fright,
What brings your infernalship here on this night?
Derry down, down, down derry down.

DEVIL.

I'm come, Mr. Baker, pray be not afraid,
To praise much your conduct in raising the bread,
For by gripping, and pinching and starving the poor
A warm place in my regions you thus will secure.

BAKER.

Mr. Devil, the swine how they grumble at me,
They call me a pig, and a guinea pigee,
Says, my wife and my daughters toll off in the best,
With their short bedy'd gowns & their heads so high dre

DEVIL.

Mr. Baker you're right, and you're up to each rig,
You're an over-grown, big-belly'd, rich guinea pig;
And ſooner than you will be put to your ſtraits,
Your bread you each day ſerve out in ſhort weights.
One ſhilling and ſixpence they for a quarter loaf pay,
Which I'm ſure for to ſtarve them it is the right way;
So good Mr. Baker I ſee you're the thing,
You upon the poor's heads ſuch calamities bring.

BAKER.

Mr. Devil the poor, if they can, run in debt,
Which cauſes me often to grieve and to fret,
Then how could we ſtaunt it, and jaunt it throughout,
If our roguiſh tricks did not oft bring things about.

DEVIL.

Mr. Baker I cannot you much applaud,
And I'm ſure in my regions you'll meet a reward,
You'll be bak'd like a hot roll, burnt up like pye-cruſt,
And there meet a reward for your actions unjuſt.

BAKER.

Now, dear Mr Devil, you do me affright,
And I really much fear you do owe me a ſpite;
Farmers, millers and meal-men, no better than me,
When I come to your regions, ſhall I there them ſee?

DEVIL.

Why yes, Mr. Baker, they're down in my liſt,
But I now muſt be jogging, ſo give me your fiſt,
Farewel, Mr Burncruſt, keep cheating each day,
Until I am ready to fetch you away.

FINIS.

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